

lif e

PRICE 10 CENTS
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THE GIRLS SHE LEFT BEHIND HER

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

100% PURE
TURKISH
the world's
most famous
tobacco for
cigarettes.



JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!

FOWNES
NAME IN EVERY PAIR

How many
can you name—

things to wear
known for 142
years as "good
value"?

Give it up?
Well, there's
Fownes

GLOVES
FOR MEN. WOMEN & CHILDREN

Strikes Yet Unstruck

IT is rumored the Dark Cloud Union of Negro Waiters may strike in protest against hotels which serve only enough watermelon to go around the guests.

The small but staunch band of Perennial Wearers of Brown and Gray Derby hats may hang up their hats. They assert the government is about to charge them an amusement tax.

Another railroad strike may be inaugurated when the lower-berth Pullman passengers climb out. They decline to travel any longer in cars wherein the berths above them are invariably sold to old ladies and women with children who must have "lowers" given up to them.

There is in prospect a second strike in the theatres. Actors are complaining bitterly of the bedroom scene so prevalent on the modern stage. When they get home, the actors say, their stage presence won't let them sleep.

Owners of private stock declare they will not join the "Auld Lang Syne" clubs being formed in their honor. They insist they will not lend a hand to the enterprise—or even raise three fingers.

Say it with Flowers

It's a National Custom among millions to leave a standing order for flowers for the week-end with the "Say It With Flowers" florist. Your local florist within a few hours can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States or Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.



W.L. Douglas
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00

You can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes, the best known shoes in the world. Sold by 106 W. L. Douglas own stores and over 9000 shoe dealers. W. L. Douglas name and the retail

price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere—they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

NO UNREASONABLE PROFITS. — It is impossible for shoe dealers who sell W. L. Douglas shoes to charge unreasonable profits, because only a fair retail profit is allowed; the price to the wearer is stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory.

W. L. Douglas \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are the leaders everywhere. W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are made throughout of the finest leather the market affords, with a style endorsed by the leaders of America's fashion centers; they combine quality, style and comfort equal to other makes selling at higher prices.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.



CAUTION
Insist upon having W.L.
Douglas shoes with his
name and price
stamped on the bottom

If W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be obtained in your vicinity, order direct from factory by mail. Postage prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

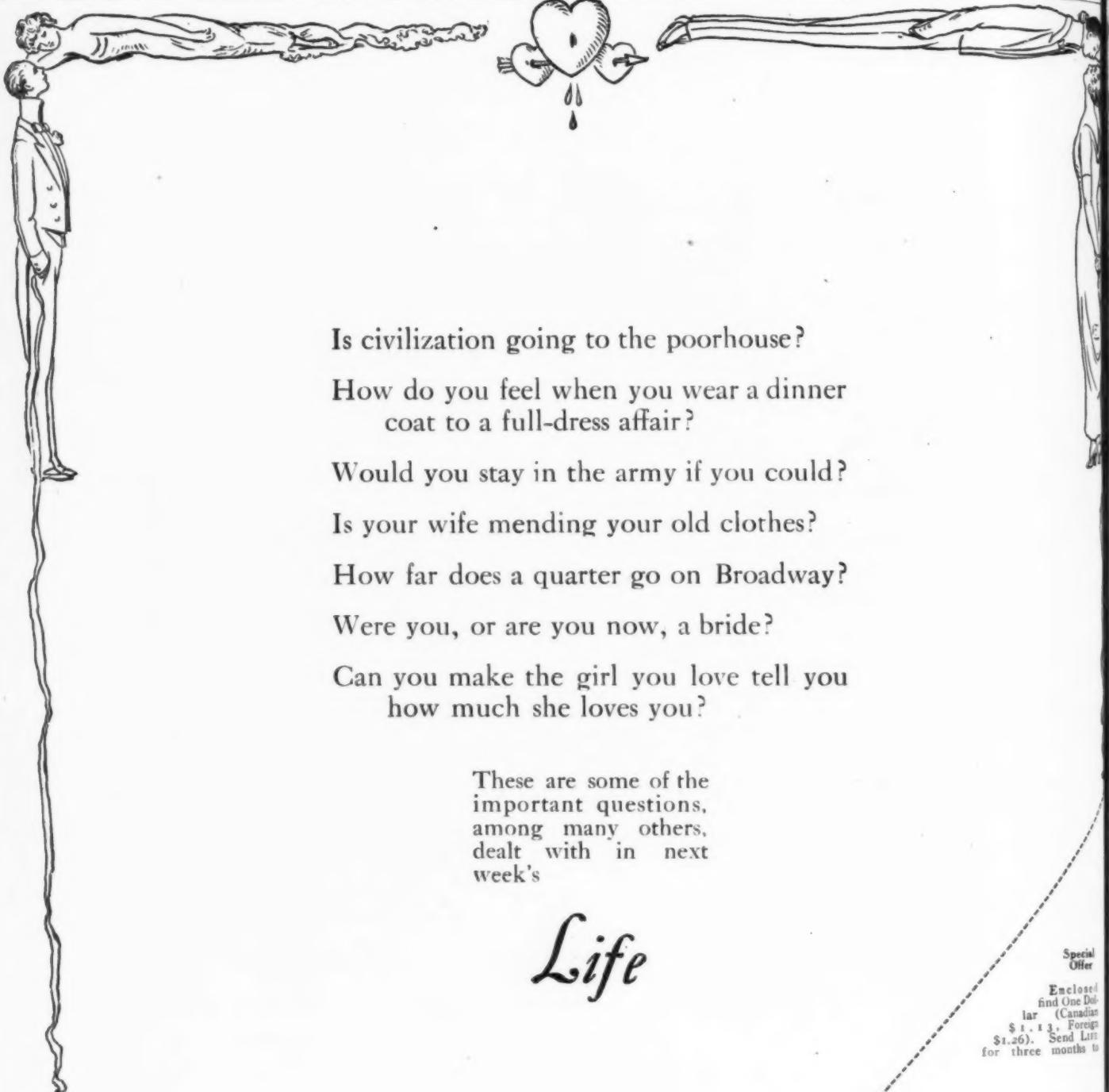
W.L. Douglas
President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
147 SPARK STREET,
BROCKTON - MASS.

GIRLS Clear Your Skin
Save Your Hair
With Cuticura
Soap, Oint., Talcum
25c. each. Sample
each of "Cuticura,"
Dept. E, Boston.



ONE IN A MILLION

Waiter: NO, THANKS! IT WOULD DIS-
PLEASE MOTHER IF I TOOK MONEY FROM
STRANGE MEN.



Is civilization going to the poorhouse?
 How do you feel when you wear a dinner coat to a full-dress affair?
 Would you stay in the army if you could?
 Is your wife mending your old clothes?
 How far does a quarter go on Broadway?
 Were you, or are you now, a bride?
 Can you make the girl you love tell you how much she loves you?

These are some of the important questions, among many others, dealt with in next week's

Life

Special Offer
Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to



The Up-in-the-Air Number of LIFE is coming week after next.

Several sample copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents or sixpence.

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 110

One Year, \$5.00
(Canadian, \$5.52;
Foreign, \$6.04.)





There is no
substitute for
Linen

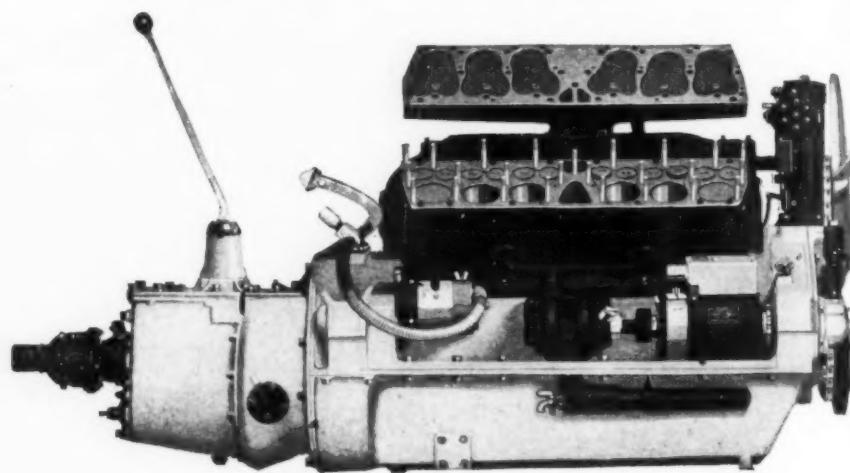
People who pride themselves on their household appointments will be glad that True Irish Linen is again available in moderate quantities.

Rising labor costs and a grave shortage of raw material—flax—prohibits the price of this matchless fabric being lowered, so that the Irish Linen being offered in the best retail shops *represents the fullest value for the price*.

When one considers the real worth and traditional charm of True Irish Linen, it will be seen that *this* is the time to buy Linen, while it is obtainable—because nothing can *really* take the place of real Linen.

The IRISH LINEN SOCIETY
BELFAST IRELAND

THE basic design of the Packard Twin Six motor has been wonderfully justified during the past few years of both peace and war work. So that any changes that may be made from time to time will be merely in the nature of refinements.



Simplicity and Accessibility, attributes of Twin-Six Engineering

How Packard "Equation" Reduces Transportation Cost

THE average motor car buyer misses the true relationship between the first cost of a car and its final cost—its running charges, upkeep and repairs through the life of the car.

"Equation" is found when the cost of maintenance is low enough to offset a higher initial expenditure; when the used-value is sufficient to count materially towards the purchase of a new car; when the quality of the transportation is such that it delivers you at your destination fresh in nerves and body.

It does not take long for high upkeep and unreliability to outweigh low purchase price.

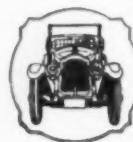
And this is the secret of that well known fact that a compromise car always proves more costly in the long run than the Packard.

Because of the perfect balance of the Packard Twin Six, it is less expensive to maintain than automobiles costing two-thirds or one-half as much.

Its ease of motion, its freedom from vibration, its tremendous reserve of power, combine to give it the longest life of any car in America.

In fact, motor car investment is like any other investment—in the end the seasoned security pays better than the speculative stock.

The Packard people are transportation experts. They have more to tell you on this subject than any other organization in the world. You can ask them to discuss your car problem without obligation. It is to your interest and profit to do so.



"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit

LIFE

To a Bore

MY friend, you're leaving me perturbed and sore,
Fretful and limp and languid, to deplore
How long I've borne with you who are a bore.

I marvel how my patience thus endures
This placid pertinacity of yours—
One of our social ills that have no cures.

I feel ashamed and sick of my pretense
To follow you through every mood and sense
Of your most egotistic eloquence.

When the full flood-tide of your prating flows,
I count the pros and contras as it goes—
And find the balance strongly with the prose.

It is not conversation that you seek,
But just for one to listen while you speak,
A victim who will turn the other cheek.

Relieved of you I breathe again, and ponder
How truly absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Contented to forgive—while you are yonder.

A. L. S.

The Innocent Bystander

THE High Cost of Living, sauntering along the Highway of Life, met the Honest Workingman, who was very cocky over his latest encounter with Capital.

"Congratulate me," cried the Honest Workingman.

"But why are you always going on strikes?" demanded the High Cost of Living.

"Because you make it necessary," retorted the Honest Workingman. "It's all your fault."

"You boob!" exclaimed the High Cost of Living. "Don't you realize that the more money you get, the more I'm going to tax you?"

"I'll take it out of your hide right now while I've got you!" cried the Honest Workingman, swinging his lusty right at the solar plexus of the High Cost of Living, who easily parried the blow and countered with his left.

They were mixing it up at a lively



DEBUTANTE DIALOGUES

"I HEAR YOU AND JACK ARE ENGAGED."
"YES, BUT FATHER HAS REFUSED HIS CONSENT."
"WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BE MARRIED?"

clip when there happened by a poor, miserable, shuffling creature, derisively known to the populace as the Man with a Fixed Income. Curious to know what it was all about, he ventured too close, and in his emaciated condition was not sufficiently agile to escape the mêlée, the Coroner's verdict being, "Death from causes unknown."

Moral.—From him that hath not it shall be taken away, even that which he hath.

The New Aristocracy

ALONG of income taxes and other sorrows of that nature, and of the rise in wages, especially for household service, reports come of notices put up in the kitchen departments in large country houses: "Servants Will Please Not Fee the Guests."

DYER: Does Wyld like music?

RYER: No; only popular songs and jazz.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1918, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-two years. In that time it has expended \$174,443.17 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,097 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$3,555.31
August collections from Camp Win-	
nepeaukee	20.00
M. P. Macomber	8.00
D. & W. St. Joseph, Mo.	16.00
Dorothy B. Stein	16.00
Howard H. Fitzgerald	24.00
Pullman Jack	5.00
Planning Room of the Lewis Manu-	
facturing Company	12.50
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Vaughan	25.00
" F "	45.00
Clement R. Stotesbury	5.00
D. L. Leffert, C. E.	8.00
Geo. E. Lilley	10.00
M. G. Lovejoy	8.00
E. D. R.	25.00
Mrs. James P. Foss	10.00
Antoine Bovet	10.00
F. A. M.	10.00
Willard R. Platt	8.00
Lieut. H. E. Cressman, U. S. N.	8.00
In memory of H. B. M. Jr.	10.00
Beatrice Gawtry	10.00
Mrs. F. H. Swift	25.00
Mary C. Tenney	8.00
Anonymous	1.00
"English Classes of Kenwood Lor-	
ing School"	8.00
Half proceeds of an open-air per-	
formance of "Robin Hood"	
given by Anne P. Gaillard,	
Elizabeth Singer, Catharine Sing-	
er, Ruth Morgan, Margaret	
Williams, Elizabeth Walbridge,	
Frances Adams, Sally Conklin,	
Darcy Kellogg and Eleanor Bon-	
bright, at Fishers Island, N. Y.	
Gertrude Barber	87.50
Dorothy W. Wood	10.00
In memory of M. L. J.	5.00
Mrs. S. M. Spalding	1.00
Two Templar Boys	800.00
Fred S. Borton	16.00
James W. Corrigan	25.00
	10.00

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Three treats of candy, two treats of fancy layer cakes and two large baskets of peaches for all the children at the Farm at the time of his visit from "The Man from Illinois."

Two 30 x 3½ McGraw auto tires for the Farm car from the McGraw Tire and Rubber Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Caps, stockings and gloves from Mrs. R. C. Chambers, Faraway, Narr. Pier, Rhode Island.

Island.
Package of children's clothing from E. A. Kuhner, Hotel Samoset, Rockland, Maine.
Box of pictures and cards from Mrs. Archibald Rutledge, Mercersburg, Pa.
Dress, hats and two boy's suits from Mrs. H. K. Love, Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va.
Package for children from Mrs. C. R. Allen, The Westminster, Washington, D. C.
Girls' dresses from Mrs. N. Cotton, New

Boys' shoes and clothing from Richard Jewett, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Children's hats and shoes from Miss E. L.
Martin, Spring Lake, N. J.

**Large bundle of children's clothing from
Motor Hearse Company of America, At-
lanta, Ga.**

Seventeen boxes of Nut Tootsie Rolls from the Sweets Company of America, New York City.

Constant

PARKE: If this keeps up we'll be having food riots.

LANE: There's one in my house every day.



"GRANDMA, C'N WE BORRER ONE O' YOUR DRESSES? WE WANT TO PLAY CIRCUS—AN' WE HAVEN'T ANY TENT"

Belated Hotness

THE hot spell that comes pretty regularly early in September serves to remind us of the suffering that prolonged summer heat entails, and that a Fresh Air Endowment serves, in perpetuity, to save some poor little child from that suffering.

LIFE gratefully acknowledges the bonds from R. de Arozarena, Esq., of Havana, Cuba, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 129
In the names of BABY and LILLIE

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4½-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



A PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT IS ABOUT TO ARRIVE



ENTER THE MAN WHOSE YOUNGEST CHILD IS ALWAYS SAYING SUCH CUTE THINGS



The Bride: OH, BRIDGET, YOU'RE ALWAYS BREAKING SOMETHING!
The Bridegroom: WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HER SOME OF OUR CUT-GLASS
 WEDDING PRESENTS TO WASH?

Let Him Alone!

ACCORDING to the New York *Tribune*, which sometimes publishes reliable information, Mr. McAdoo is likely to be fined for traveling with his family on railroad passes.

Mr. McAdoo, it may be recalled, was at one time director of railroads. He resigned his job because he couldn't afford to live on his salary. Since then, the *Tribune* says, he has been traveling on railroad passes, and is liable to a fine of from one hundred to two thousand dollars.

But hasn't Mr. McAdoo had trouble enough already without being bothered with a technicality like that?

Modern

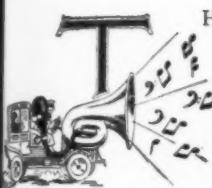
DRUG CLERK: How was that last bottle of perfumery, madam?

MRS. DIMPLETON: Best I ever drank.



"THIS IS ONE OF OUR LARGE MODERN DEPARTMENT STORES."
Interested Tourist: WONDERFUL! I SUPPOSE YOU CAN BUY EVERYTHING YOU WANT HERE.
"BETTER THAN THAT. YOU CAN BUY EVERYTHING YOU DON'T WANT."

An Off Day



THE joy of motoring depends quite largely upon the one you take with you. A lady of the right temperament is often a pleasant accessory, if her conversation is agreeable and intermittent enough to enable one to dodge hay wagons and buggy-riders successfully.

But I generally like to have along a dog, in addition to the lady, especially if he be a dog who likes to have me take him along with me. I have a friend who has a dog named Stocky, a wire-haired individual with a placid exterior in front, but a tail that suggests certain possibilities.

It was agreeable for this dog recently to go along with the lady and myself. In fact, he jumped incontinently into the motor as we were starting off, and it was quite evident from the start that he proposed to enjoy himself to the full. He put his paws on the side rail, as a man might do who was looking for submarines on the starboard bow. The curtains intervened with his view, however, and the lady insisted on my stopping the car and turning them up. After this had been done, the dog promptly moved over to the port side, and nothing that either of us could do would make him change back again. So I had to stop the car once more and put up the port curtains.

We had gone off into the interior, where the road was sandy, so we decided to turn around. Coming to a convenient farmhouse, I nosed the car into the yard. While I was engaged in this process, Stocky saw a nice white hen reposing peacefully under an elderberry bush, deep in henly meditation. He made a graceful spring and landed on the hen's back. The hen did not stop to adjust her



"HENRY, DON'T FORGET TO ROLL UP YOUR CUFFS"



"JOHN, WILL YOU LOAN ME A LITTLE MONEY? I'LL RETURN IT FROM THE VERY FIRST MONEY YOU GIVE ME"

carbureter, but rose almost immediately in the air, landing on the top of an apple tree. Stocky circled around, cursing grandly, while I circled around after him. I finally got him, and hurried him back into the car just in time to avoid the farmer.

We came back at last to the state road, where the lady saw in the dim distance a sign which read "Antiques." Pushing Stocky down into the bottom of the car, I followed the lady meekly into the farmhouse where the alleged antiques were displayed. Something told me, while I was hastily looking over a pair of brass candlesticks, that all was not well in the outside world—that vast space where so many things are occurring all the time. A large coach-dog had been lying peacefully on the grass. At the moment that I discovered him, Stocky, who had gotten out of the car, was bearing down on his starboard quarter. Before I could reach the scene he had taken a large bite out of his back. The coach-dog resented this familiarity. The scene that followed, as Harold Bell Wright would say, "baffled description."

Eventually Stocky was separated and his main parts readjusted. Once more we started out. The lady had managed to tie him to the rear seat of the car with a handkerchief.

The next house we stopped at was a farmhouse where they displayed vegetables in the front yard. Browsing peacefully in the sun at the side was a family of Persian cats—father and mother and a number of kittens. While the lady and myself were engaged in looking over the line of green corn, Stocky, breaking loose easily and rising gracefully in the air, described a silent parabolic curve and landed on the outer edge of the peaceful family circle. His favorite method heretofore had been to grab cats by the back of the neck and shake them to death. But this time he miscalculated. Both father and mother cat anticipated him by pouncing on his back, and he fled to the barn, followed by a farmer with a rake. Stocky was located and brought back.

We went on to the village, and stopped in front of the drug store. Stocky had been somewhat clawed up by this time, and his mezzanine floor looked bare in spots. Peace was written all over him. "No more entangling alliances" appeared to be his watchword. He lay flat at the bottom of the car, dead to the world, with closed eyes. All he needed was a white sheet.

A few moments later, as we tranquilly absorbed our nut sundaes, there floated in a preliminary sound, succeeded by others in rapid succession and in a rising crescendo.

In the middle of the street, as we rushed out, we saw a whirring mass, consisting of Stocky and some other dog, making about fifteen hundred revolutions to the minute. Eventually, with the aid of a leading member of the Fire Department and a convenient hose, we got out what was left of Stocky and reassembled him in the car once more. The man from the Fire Department remarked:

"That dog of yours seems to think he can do anything he d—n pleases around here."

We took Stocky back to our friend and told him what had happened. He listened casually.

"Yes," he said. "I know; I know. That dog hasn't been up to the mark lately. Some day, when he is in condition, I'll go with you and take him along and show you what he really can do."

T. L. M.



HERO WORSHIP

Formulas

NOW H₂O at school, you know,
We learned would make us healthy;
And H. C. L., we all can tell,
Soon makes the farmer wealthy.
If H. C. L. continues—well,
We'll all most healthy grow,
For we shall be compelled, I trow,
To live on H₂O.

Near Literature Coming?

IT must be quite evident, even to the most casual observer, that government paternalism is only in its infancy. It is true that most forms of booze are now openly restricted, but literature continues to be on sale. One can still get mildly inebriated with Hergesheimer, can go under the table with Chambers, and have quite a bibulous time with Conrad or Connelly. In literature of to-day there is also plenty of Scotch and Irish, and Christian Science, Mormonism and New Thought offer a whole series of intoxicants that have shaken loose many respectable families.

No Anti-Literary master-mind has yet risen to manipulate politics and get a constitutional amendment passed prohibiting the sale of all books. But



IF THERE HAD BEEN A PROHIBITIONIST IN THOSE DAYS



*Jack: YOU'RE NOT THE LEAST BIT ECONOMICAL!
Mrs. Jack: THINK NOT, DEAR? WHY, I'VE EVEN SAVED MY WEDDING DRESS
FOR A POSSIBLE SECOND MARRIAGE!*

he is likely to appear at any moment.

Possibly it is in anticipation of such literary prohibition that the Authors' League has been having friendly doings with the American Federation of Labor. To throw out of business a big industry like this, just when its commercial standards are becoming fixed, might easily cause an economic crisis. So authors are beginning to form defensive barriers.

Who knows but what we shall have 2.75-per-cent. solutions of Booth Tarkington and Rupert Hughes. As for the newspapers and magazines, by that time Hearst will own them all, so the government will naturally let them alone.

WHAT'S that unearthly noise upstairs?"

"Dr. Binks, the painless dentist, has the salesman who sold him that fake oil stock in his chair, and is doing some real drilling."

Politeness

TO be polite, and to adore
Civility in all who bore
Themselves correctly, was esteemed
A virtue that forever gleamed,
By those who lived in days of yore.

At least, it has been heretofore
Thought just and proper to deplore
Deportment that in no wise seemed
To be polite.

But why should modern mortals pore
Over the aims of ancient lore;
Or pay to etiquette, long deemed
A curse, an honor now blasphemed?
It's not the fashion any more
To be polite.

Ralph M. Thomson.

Another Suggestion

THE old theory that we tend to become more and more like that which we constantly contemplate has been often referred to in the case of husbands and wives who live together constantly. It seems to have a renewed justification in the fact that English girls are growing more beautiful, the reason given being that they all go to the movies a great deal, and look upon the most beautiful types of women in the films. Such is the power of mental emulation that we are bound to take on the attributes of those we contemplate.

Certainly, with such a practical demonstration before us, this idea should have a wide application.

We recommend to A. S. Burleson that he immediately buy a bust of Ben Franklin and gaze at it for two or three hours a day, until improvement sets in. This could not possibly do anything to Ben Franklin.



"ER—BY THE WAY, MISS ROMNEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BOLSHEVISM?"

Post-Vacation Snapshots

THE AVERAGE SIZE OF THE TROUT



THE WEEDS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR ABSENCE



THE RETURN TO THE OFFICE



*Justice of the Peace: DID YOU ASSAULT THE CONSTABLE WHEN HE ARRESTED YOU?
"JUDGE, I BEEN HOBOLING FOR THIRTY YEARS, AN' NO ONE EVER CALLED ME A BOLSHEVIK BEFORE!"*

Mormons and the League

IT seems the Mormons are divided on the League of Nations. Senator Smoot of Utah, a Mormon, and Senator Borah of Idaho, who, though not a Mormon, has a large Mormon constituency, are opposed to it. Mr. Borah is of a political temper and disposition that would naturally incline him

to oppose the League whether his Mormon supporters disliked it or not, but Mr. Smoot rests his opposition frankly and squarely on the opinion that the aspirations of the League are contrary to forecasts contained in the revelations made in 1823 to Joseph Smith, Jr., the Mormon prophet.

So he says in a letter to an editor in Utah that has been quoted in the newspapers. He quotes sundry passages from the Mormon bible to effect that "universal peace will not come until the second coming of the Lord," which, he argues, "sets at naught any claims that the League of Nations will prevent war." Since he thinks it was revealed to Jo Smith that war was going on till further notice, Senator Smoot is against any combination that threatens to stop it.

Another thing: he finds basis in the Mormon books for belief that truth and liberty will go out from this land to the nations, but he says: "If this country enters the League and mixes up with other nations, they will control, and America will not be able to carry out its destiny."

But it seems that other eminent

Mormons do see eye to eye with Senator Smoot about the antagonisms between Joseph Smith, Jr.'s revelations and the League of Nations, so there are Mormons on both sides of the question, as prudence demands, and itinerant speakers on both sides get a hearing in the Tabernacle.

In these days when so many people believe in fresh information coming across from the beyond, and Conan Doyle calls the spiritist communications a "new revelation," it would not be a bad exercise for persons familiar with the current spiritist books to examine the Book of Mormon and compare it with the new literature. Joseph Smith, however, dug up gold plates on which were writings that he deciphered, and of course that is quite a different line of proceeding from anything in modern spiritism.

LIFE

From the time Joseph Smith, Jr., began to be heard of, the opinion has always been generally current that his revelations were pure fake, and not even Senator Smoot's reliance on them, nor the prosperity and growth of the Mormon community, is likely to alter that view. But since polygamy was suppressed the Mormons seem to have gained assurance in putting forward the rest of their religion. Their weekly advertisement in the *Sunday World* is usually interesting. A great deal of what their preachers preach is plain Bible Christianity, for they seem to accept all the Bible and merely annex Jo Smith and his revelations to the Jewish and Christian documents. The centre of their proselyting activities hereabouts is in Brooklyn, and from their mission station there come the discourses that one may read in the *Sunday World*. Their preacher, Dr. Talmage, for August 31st, disclosed that it was revealed to



"I'M S'PRISED AT YOU, KITTY. DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY RUDE TO MAKE FACES AT ANYONE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INTRODUCED TO?"



Pessimistic Wife: YES-S, HENRY! YOU ALWAYS WERE A GREAT FELLER
"NOT TO CROSS BRIDGES" TILL YOU GOT TO 'EM

Smith in 1833 that both strong drinks and hot drinks and tobacco were injurious to the body, so whenever the movement against tea, coffee and tobacco gets under way the Mormons may be expected to back it.

Queer people; very! But not so queer as great communities of people in Russia.

E. S. M.

The Labor Understudy

WILL the Labor Understudy be a permanent feature of the landscape? It is an alluring picture.

A workman wrings out of his employer an exorbitant wage. He then lures another man to do his work at about one-third of what he is receiving, and takes the rest and lives at ease. Nothing could be simpler. To

the longshoremen of Genoa should go the credit of putting this over. They got six dollars and fifty cents a day, and paid others two dollars to do the work. Net result: doing nothing at four dollars and fifty cents per day.

In some cases it might be hard to hire substitutes, depending upon the nature of the job. In the case of presidents of republics it would probably be easy.



MR. GOODFORM ALWAYS REMAINS UNCOVERED WHILE TALKING WITH A LADY OVER THE PHONE.

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



SOME MUSICAL EXPRESSIONS

SEPTEMBER 25
1919

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

ANDREW MILLER, President and Treasurer

JAMES S. METCALFE, Secretary

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English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



GEORGE PERSHING came home and was received with huzzas and loud cries of approbation, and speeches by the Mayor and Mr. Baker, and music by the band, but he did not say what he thought about the Peace Treaty, though it was not for lack of being asked.

Cardinal Mercier arrived and he, too, was received with immense enthusiasm, and listened to many pleasant remarks, and himself made very successful remarks of that nature, and he was applauded and advertised in the papers and many questions were asked him, but neither did he say anything about the Peace Treaty.

But on the 13th instant, Mr. Hoover came home, and not being a soldier on duty or a visiting prince, and "not in politics in any shape or form," he was a little less reticent. "Coming fresh," he said, "from that part of the world that is in economic chaos, I can say that the one important thing is peace." He would not comment on the Treaty in any detail. He wished to avoid controversy, but he said as the *World* quoted him:

Delay in making peace has had a terrible effect in Europe generally. It has been impossible to restore economic life there. Germany cannot pay a penny unless she can get her industries going again, and her people back at work.

There is an enormous effort in Europe to get back to normal conditions. There are many disturbing currents. The danger of Bolshevism in Central and Eastern Europe passed last February, as soon as those countries affected by it were assured of food supplies. Bolshev-

vism is making no headway even in Russia. But there will be no political sentiment until peace is consummated.

Peace is needed above all things. Some treaty must be ratified. I believe the Treaty will be ratified by this country this month.

I stand for the League of Nations as it is, or as near as can be obtained. One reason is that the Treaty was constructed around the philosophy of the League of Nations, and not around the balance of power, and the Treaty cannot be carried through without the League.

The League of Nations will not cure all the evils of the world overnight, as far as I can anticipate, but it will be a far-reaching step in doing away with wars.

Thus Mr. Hoover spoke a really important good word for the Treaty. He said, "Some Treaty must be ratified," and thought it would be done this month. But this present Treaty is the only one that can be ratified this month, and is probably the only one that can be ratified at all.



OBVIOUSLY that is the basis of Mr. Wilson's urgency about it. That Mr. Wilson is puffed out with pride in this particular treaty, and burns with affection for it is not likely. Nobody seems to like it. Persons not otherwise engaged run out and kick it. Mr. Bullitt, the intelligent Philadelphian, who was exported to Paris to help in peace-making, intimated to the Republican members of Mr. Lodge's committee that Mr. Lansing thought

that parts of it were "thoroughly bad," and that even Colonel House did not like all of it all the time. Mr. Bullitt was quite funny about Mr. Lansing; indeed, he illustrated Mr. Lansing by what he quoted as coming from him more than Mr. Lansing has been illustrated since he became Secretary of State. It was rather rough, for Mr. Lansing seems by no means to have rushed to Mr. Bullitt as a candidate for exhibition. But he did, probably, expose his mind to Mr. Bullitt, and Mr. Bullitt has now flashed it on the screen.

Mr. Lansing, on May 19th, when he talked to Mr. Bullitt, "would have strengthened greatly the judicial clauses of the League of Nations covenant, making arbitration compulsory" (which recalls Mr. Root's plea for more in the Hague tribunal line). He was opposed to our taking a mandate in Armenia or Constantinople; he thought the Shantung provision "thoroughly bad," and the League as provided "entirely useless." He may have felt differently about the League later in the day, or the next morning, or a week later, and he may be heartily for it now as the best dope in sight, but probably it is true, since Mr. Bullitt says so, that on May 19th he had such feelings about it as he uncorked to Mr. Bullitt, though, presumably, not for publication.

He must not be blamed. He was entitled to a vent, and naturally imparted his views to someone who would sympathize with them. It is nothing much that the League, as made, did not look as good to him as it did to Mr. Wilson. Peace commissioners seldom agree, and possibly Mr. Wilson had that in mind when he selected his companions. Mr. Bullitt said that General Bliss and Mr. White also "objected very vigorously to the numerous provisions of the Treaty."

Mr. Bullitt talked a good deal. It is not altogether surprising that he should not seem to care whether the world gets peace or not, for Mr. Lansing will get back from fishing presently, and General Bliss and Mr. White will come home, and possibly a bomb-proof will have to be contrived for Mr. Bullitt in the sub-cellars of the *New Republic* office. But, never mind! The Treaty is not very popular. Mr. A. G. Gardner, the British radical newspaper writer, calls it "the catastrophe of



WHILE THEY ARGUE ABOUT THE BILL

Paris." Nevertheless Mr. Gardiner must be for it, such as it is, for he is heartily for the League of Nations. And be it remembered that General Smuts, after criticising it very heartily indeed, signed it on the ground that the world must have it.



BUT, after all, it isn't so bad as some of these enthusiasts make it out. It hung fire too long. Mr. Gardiner wails because of six precious weeks wasted in England on a "Hang the Kaiser" election, which "saturated the minds of the British people with the basest appeals to revenge and ignorance," and "involved them in a French peace of revenge, instead of an American peace of healing."

Mr. Wilson would not admit as much as that. He did not get the peace he wanted, but he would not admit that the peace he got was "a French peace of revenge." And it wasn't. France by no means got all she wanted. She got reparations, or the promise of them, which was right, and the minimum of what she demanded for pro-

tection. It is not so bad as these complainants make out. What is good in it is immensely more important than they admit. What is bad is more curable than they concede.

The papers report that Richard M. Hurd of the American Defense Society has resigned his membership in the American Rights League because it has indorsed the League of Nations, which the American Defense Society has formally condemned.

Mr. Hurd does well not to belong to two societies that are pulling in opposite directions, but he clings to the wrong one. He says he does not believe in a super-state, conducted by a small oligarchy at Geneva, to which the various nations will bear a relation similar to that of our States to the Federal government; nor in any scheme which would oblige the United States to go to war at the will of some foreign nations, or which contemplates the intrusion of foreign nations in the settlement, for example, of our relations with Mexico.

But the covenant does not create a super-state, and nothing can oblige the United States to go to war without the consent of Congress, and the Monroe Doctrine takes fairly good care of our relations with Mexico, though the

League, if Mexico joined it, would secure that country against unwarrantable intrusions even by us.

Mr. Hurd conjures up bugaboos and says he is afraid of them. And so do most of the fanatical opponents of the League. They read into the covenant what is not there and say we must keep out. But, faulty as the Treaty and the League may be, keeping out is a great deal riskier than going in.



A GREAT man is coming to this country, to be for a while the Ambassador of Great Britain. He is Lord Grey of Falloden, much better known as Sir Edward Grey, who, as Foreign Secretary, conducted the correspondence that took Great Britain into the war. Where character is respected, there is no one more honored than Lord Grey. The British government hesitated long whom to send here. It did not wish to make any mistake, and it has made none. Lord Grey will bring with him some of the atmosphere of the early consecration of the war, when England's rally to the help of France warmed every heart in these States that cared for righteousness. He it was, more than any other one man, who put England where she belonged. He did it gravely, understanding the cost, scrupulous as to the warrant for it, awaiting the right occasion till it came.

They say in London that his errand here is to save the world. He saved it once when he put England into the war. It would not do to say that he may save it again by bringing the United States into the peace, for that is a duty that Americans must shoulder for themselves. But when we have got into the peace, Lord Grey can do much to make us feel that we are where we belong. And he will do it, if any man can. There is no man in England whose wagon is hitched to a nobler star than his; no man who sees the world bigger, and human life with more generous sympathy, or has more power to lead generous spirits to the rescue of both.

LIE



If Mother Nature Should

LIE

ture Should Go on Strike



After the Drought a Deluge



IT may become necessary in the near future to form another theatrical union to be added to the several already in existence. This one might be called The Producing Managers' and Paying Playgoers' Equity Association. Its object would be to strike against mediocre plays and incompetent acting. If it carried out its object successfully it would close almost as many theatres as did the recent revolt of the Actors' Equity Association. This belief is founded on the quality of most of the plays and the character of most of the acting that New York has endured in the opening offerings of the new season. The fact is that the American theatre has been pampered by the over-patronage incidental to the ending of the war, and as an artistic and literary institution it is in need of quite as much reconstruction as any of our political and commercial conditions. Comment on the offerings has to be based not on absolute high standards, but measured by a low one of present-day comparison.



THINGS are not well when Grace George with her experience, her ability and all the world to choose from can give us nothing better than Mr. Mark Reed's "She Would and She Did," presented with a company whose work, judged in its entirety, would have jolted the sense of elegance prevalent in the mid-West one-night stands.

Almost as encouraging was the "Up From Nowhere," product of the joined pens of Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. There were gleams of acting in the work of Messrs. Norman Trevor and Cecil Yapp, but in the main anything like finished work was emphatic in its absence.

"A Regular Feller," by Mr. Mark Swan, did not aim very high in literary or dramatic quality nor in its exactions from its interpreters. Its appeal was largely to that presumably large section of the public familiar with the garage side of automobiling, not exacting playgoers, if the material provided in this play and its performance could really interest or entertain them.



WOMAN playwrights have had an enfeebling influence on our stage literature, but their two contributions to the early season output are not discreditable by comparison. "Lusmore," by Rita Olcott and Grace Heyer, is a sentimental and legendary Irish drama with the dreary quality that characterizes most things seriously Irish, but it also has a poetic

flavor and an atmosphere of considerable charm. It is hard to believe that such a play would have an appeal to any but Irish audiences, and, curiously, Irish audiences do not seem to take much interest in serious Irish plays, always excepting those that offend Irish sensibilities and give cause for a ruction. Therefore, with all its charm, "Lusmore" does not loom up as a prospective Irish classic.

Directly the opposite in character is "Nightie Night," a better and more laughable farce than its silly title indicates. Its authors, Martha M. Stanley and Adelaide Matthews, handle their complications skilfully, and have achieved the apparently impossible in writing a bedroom farce without a bedroom. The pretty constant presence of a young woman in the latest cut of feminine pajamas takes the place of the omission and gives all the necessary suggestion. The authors have also been clever to keep all their characters innocent, leaving whatever idea of impropriety there may be entirely in the minds of the audience instead of making it part of their stage material. "Nightie Night" goes with a lot of dash and a lot of laughs.



ADAM AND EVA" has nothing to do with the Genesis story, the title being derived from the names of the principal characters. The improbability of the comedy's main premise and consequent plot is forgotten in the cleverness of the lines and the absurdity of the situations. The company has been chosen and rehearsed with understanding, so that in material and interpretation "Adam and Eva" is a cut above most of its contemporaries. It gives Mr. Gottschalk a better opportunity for his eccentricities than he has had for some time, and Mr. Otto Kruger shows that, in his proper balance of sincerity and geniality, he has in him the making



FOR A WORTHY CAUSE

of that rare bird, a polite comedian. As a play and in performance, "Adam and Eva" is more than usually enjoyable.



"SCANDAL" is not for little boys and girls, and, having voiced that warning, it is possible to say that it is a very well written comedy of strongly sexual type. It is also a bedroom comedy—not a bedroom farce—in which the author travels on the very thinnest ice, breaking through occasionally, but, in the end, managing to get safely across. He is fortunate in having so manly an actor as Mr. Charles Cherry to interpret a character which, played with less good taste, might have made the play very objectionable. And in Francine Larrimore the hero has an excellent foil, who, in spite of careless make-up and a tendency to imitate older favorites, makes the incredible heroine seem real and certainly charming. Mr. William David and Alice Putnam are also in character, but the rest of the cast are carried by the play, instead of helping to give it finish. Adults who are not over-squeamish will find a lot of amusement in "Scandal," and will be able to forget the League of Nations for a little while. *Metcalfe.*



TACTLES

"MISS DE LA VERA, WE'D LIKE TO MAKE A CONTRACT WITH YOU TO WRITE YOUR MEMOIRS FOR PUBLICATION."

"WELL, OF ALL THE NERVE! DO I LOOK LIKE A HAS-BEEN?"



Astor.—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hymer, with Fay Bainter as the star. Life in San Francisco as it touches the Chinese shown in picturesque drama.

Bijou.—"An Exchange of Wives," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Notice later.

Booth.—"The Better 'Ole." The funny side of soldiering in the British trenches and thereabouts during the late war.

Broadhurst.—"The Crimson Alibi," by Messrs. Cohen and Broadhurst. Crime melodrama of the good old Bowery type.

Casino.—"A Lonely Romeo," with Mr. Lew Fields. Girl-and-music show with good measure of the usual qualifications.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." Gorgeous Ali Baba spectacle.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." More than usually vivacious girl-and-music show.

Comedy.—"Up From Nowhere," by Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson. See above.

Cort.—"A Regular Feller," by Mr. Mark Swan. See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Those Who Walk in Darkness," by Mr. Owen Davis. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Shubert Gaeties." Large girl-and-music show featuring Nora Bayes.

Fulton.—"John Ferguson," by St. John Irvine. Powerful and very well acted Irish drama.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell

Smith and Frank Bacon. Reno and its divorce activities made laughable in well acted character comedy.

Harris.—"The Dancer," by Mr. Edward Locke. Notice later.

Henry Miller's.—"Lusmore," by Rita O'cott. See above.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Notice later.

Hudson.—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Notice later.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. See above.

Lyric.—"The Five Million," by Messrs. Bolton and Mandel. Comedy dealing amusingly with the returned-soldier question.

Manhattan.—"Friendly Enemies." Interesting comedy drama of now obsolete German-American conditions during the late war.

Marine Elliott's.—"First Is Last," by Messrs. Shipman and Wilde. Notice later.

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes," by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Notice later.

Norah Bayes.—"Greenwich Village Follies." Girl-and-music show with allusions to New York's infected district.

Playhouse.—"At 9:45," by Mr. Owen Davis. Fairly ingenious crime melodrama.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," by Mr. Sem Benelli, with Messrs. John and Lionel Barrymore. Strong medieval drama, admirably staged and played.

Princess.—"Nightie Night," by Stanley and Matthews. See above.

Republic.—"A Voice in the Dark," by Mr. Ralph E. Dyer. Murder-mystery drama, well played.

Selwyn.—"The Challenge," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Agreeably acted drama throwing some side-lights on the buncio of the so-called social revolution.

Shubert.—"Oh, What a Girl!" Girl-and-music show with a farcical plot.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. See above.

Vanderbilt.—"She Would and She Did," by Mr. Mark Reed, with Grace George. See above.

Winter Garden.—"Monte Cristo, Jr." The kind of big girl-and-music show that appeals most strongly to the very t. b. m.



Farmer (to city nephew): HERE! STOP BOTHERIN' THEM BEES!

When Good Fellows Get Together

The Federal Council of Churches is considering the erection of a great building in New York to house the offices of the various denominations under one roof, and thereby promote closer relations.

—*News item.*

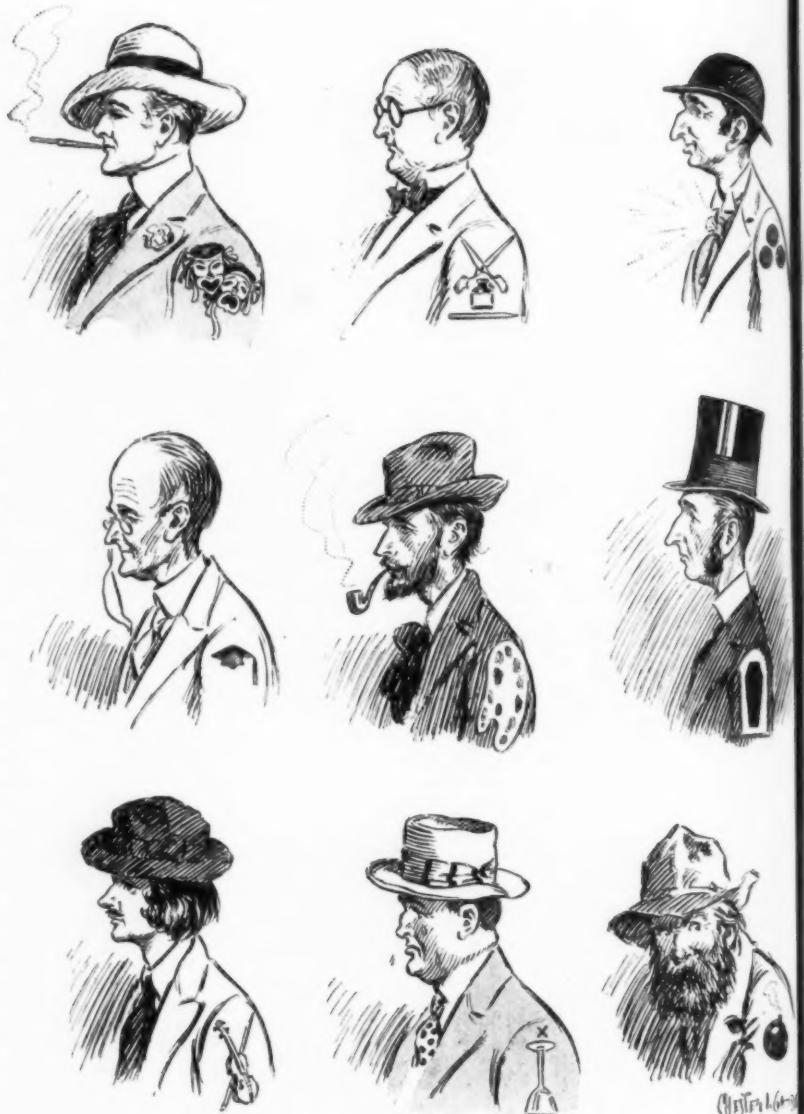
A COUPLE of weeks after the opening of the new Pan-Denominational office structure I ran across the superintendent of the building and inquired how the scheme was working out.

"Oh, fairly well," he replied. "We have had to make a few alterations, but that was natural. First thing, the Episcopalians demanded a private elevator—said they didn't feel they could use the common lifts. They wouldn't travel in the other elevators, and yet they had no objections to the other fellows traveling in theirs. So now we're running an Episcopalian express. Then the Baptists kicked about the plumbing arrangements—said they had to have a swimmin' pool in the basement, although the Presbyterians were satisfied with showers. Well, we got that fixed, when the Presbyterians wanted to change their floor because the Methodists were making so much noise, shoutin' and prancin' around, they couldn't hear themselves think. So we shifted the Presbyterians and their blue silk-covered furniture from the tenth to the eighteenth.

"Then at the last minute, after all the space was gone, we had to find a place for the Seventh-Day Adventists. We fixed 'em up on the roof, made a



*Motorist (to farmer): ANY JUICE AROUND HERE?
"WAAL, THERE'S SOME COHEN'S UP THE ROAD A WAY."*

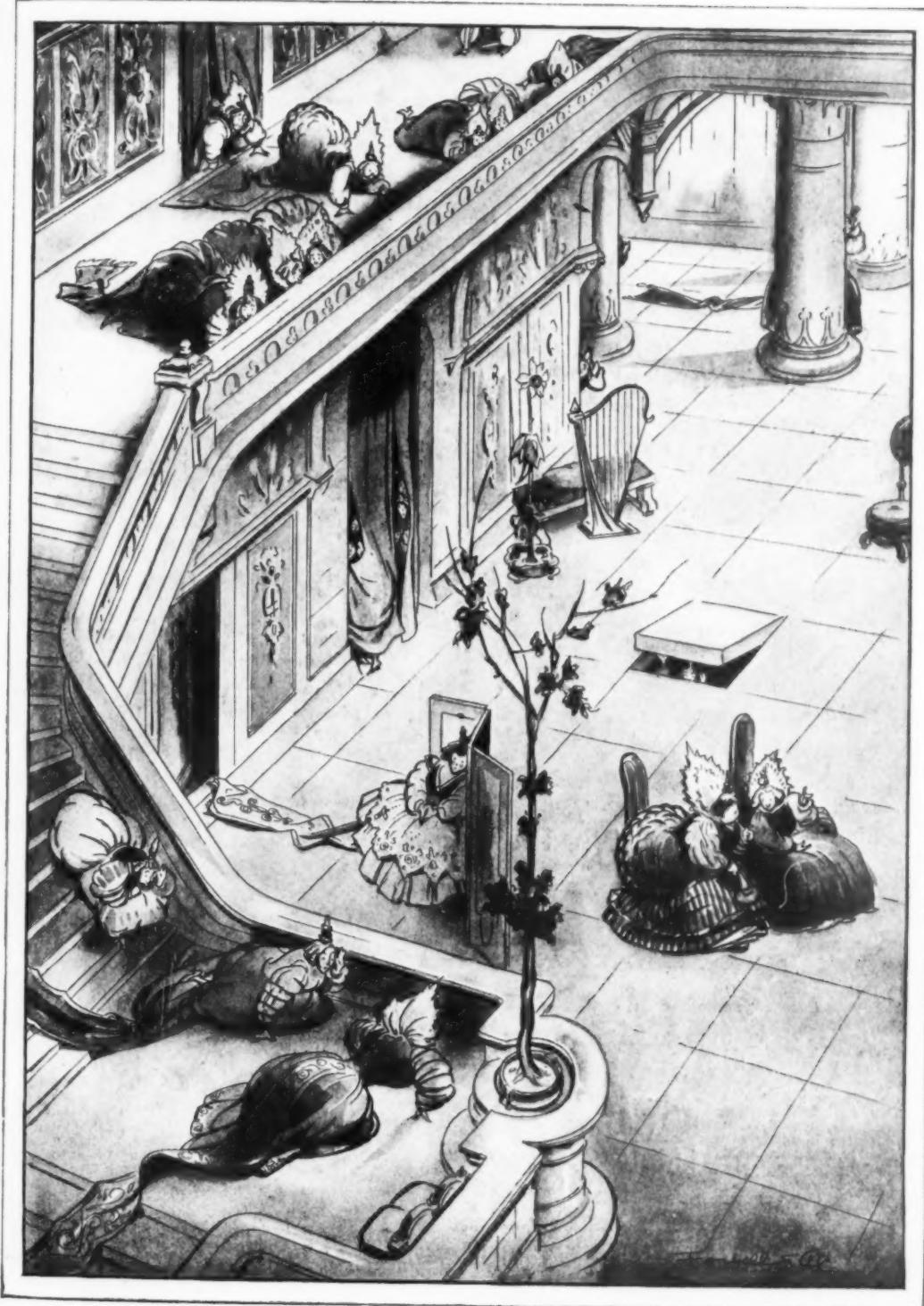


WHY LET THE SOLDIERS MONOPOLIZE INSIGNIA?

regular roof-garden, and they were tickled to death. It's funny about folks. Now the Congregationalists insisted on being on the ground floor—said they always got in on the ground floor. So we let 'em have it. The Christian Scientists puzzled me. Fixed up the finest set of offices you ever saw, all mahogany and Oriental rugs and stained-glass windows, and the clerks hardly ever come near them. One of 'em said they gave their jobs the absent treatment."

"But wasn't there an accident or something?"

"Oh, that was the fellow who didn't know what kind of a building this was, and started in at the top floor trying to sell the complete works of Robert G. Ingersoll in nine volumes. He was taken to the hospital in an ambulance. Well, good-by. I've got to run along now." And he hustled back to the busiest job in New York.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE LATEST BIT OF SCANDALLE



WALTER DE MORIS

The Principal: MISS BROWN, I WISH YOU WOULD GIVE UP THIS IDEA OF MARRIAGE. THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN IS A FAR HIGHER CALLING THAN THE MERE BEARING OF THEM.

The Teacher: YES, MISS MATTHEWS; BUT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE OF THE LOWER CALLING, WHOM WOULD YOU HAVE TO TRAIN?

The French Babies

LIFE has received for the relief of the French war orphans, in all, \$353,028.14, from which we have remitted to Paris 2,015,855.50 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts:

RENEWALS: Winifred Morris, Dover, Del., \$3; Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$36.50; Mrs. Henry A. Kimball, Lakeport, N. H., \$73; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Edson, Washington, D. C., \$73. PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Harry G. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; Phyllis L. Charles, Ellwood City, Pa., \$5; Frances Hill, Lakewood, Ohio, \$12; Mrs. R. J. McDonald, Valley City, N. D., \$6; G. M. F., Little Rock, Ark., \$12; Guy U. Yarnell, Vancouver, Wash., \$3; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$10.

BABY NUMBER 3744

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Royalties on "Marching Song for America," by Henri J. Van Pragg, New York City.....	7.99
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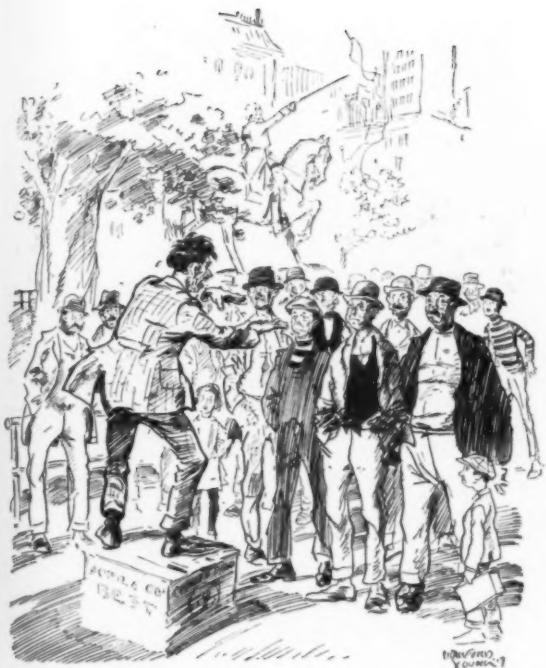
Trouble Makers

CRAWFORD: Radical labor agitators are causing most of the present unrest.

CRABSHAW: Judging from their remarks, the United States is the only Union they don't respect.



'TWOULD BE A HAPPY DAY FOR MOST OF US IF WE COULD "SIC" THIS IRRESISTIBLE FORCE AGAINST THIS IMMOVABLE BODY



I. W. W. Orator: AND I DEFY ANY MILLIONAIRE IN THIS CROWD TO CONTRADICT ME!

Two Remarkable Dutchmen

GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA is dead at fifty-six, and General Jan Christian Smuts will succeed him as Premier of South Africa. The way these things are done is the British way. The Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, at present Viscount Buxton, invites General Smuts to form a new Cabinet, and General Smuts accepts. It seems a pretty good way. Any method that put Botha in charge of British South Africa, and now provides Smuts to succeed him, must have merits.

These two have been among the foremost men in character that the Great War brought forward. The Great War did not produce them: the Boer war did that, and was aided by the remarkable policy of conciliation that the British government finally pursued. They were men trained in the school of George Washington. They fought John Bull until his legs shook under him, and he came to appreciate that these were men and leaders of men, and fit in peace to be leaders of the men they led in war.

In the Great War Botha cleaned up German Southwest Africa, and went with South African troops to fight in Europe with the Allies. He and General Smuts both signed the Peace Treaty with Germany. Both were idealists: both were for the League of Nations. In reputation these Dutchmen have outtopped all the representatives of all the other British dependencies. The survivor of them, General Smuts, a lawyer by training, is one of the leading statesmen of the world.

THE present price of labor is capital punishment.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

A WOMAN is never so beautiful as she used to be.



"WELL, JOHN, SO YOU'VE GONE AN' GOT MARRIED AGAIN! SHE AND HER SIX DARTERS'LL BE A GREAT COMFORT TO YE."

"YEP! I WAS WORRYING A HEAP ABOUT HOW I WAS GOIN' T' GIT MY HARVEST IN."

Ballade of the Veteran

NINETTE'S no more "at home" to me; my heart
Tires of the pleasure of Might, and Morn, and May.
Music falls empty, for it has no part

In lives which are no longer fair and gay.
At every turn the idle winds convey
In accents that are bitter-sad to hear:
"Love flies again; all charms decay."
I think I shall not love again this year.

When Janet sent me off with all the smart
Rejected love must take as its sole pay,
I found no pleasure in the busy mart
Nor joy in hills, nor peace by stream or bay;
Gloom at its blackest held unending sway
Until I saw slim Mabel drawing near. . . .
Yet then I vowed, as I have vowed to-day,
"I think I shall not love again this year."

But Mabel, having hitched her hopeful cart
To some bright star (a film-star, by the way),
Scorned my deficiencies in higher Art,
Dismissed me, and I could not but obey.
Then came Ninette, quick fled my deep dismay;
The hidden sun broke forth again to cheer,
Yet said I, as I armed me for new fray:
"I think I shall not love again this year."

Envoy

Ladies, why do you seek to wrack this clay
With passions, but to bid them disappear?
Is it because you like to hear me say,

"I think I shall not love again—this year?"

A. A. Coates.

An Open Letter

To the Prince of Wales.

MY DEAR PRINCE: In welcoming you to our shores, which we do right heartily, it is perhaps just as well to point out to you that of necessity you will be forced to miss many of the attractions we have to offer. It is not probable that you will be invited to attend a Southern lynching bee, a meeting of the Cabinet, or to be witness to a gunman's hold-up in any one of our principal cities.



"GRACIOUS! IT WOULD TAKE QUITE A WHILE TO CHEW ALL THOSE"

You will not be put up at our I. W. W. clubs, view the proceedings of the Anti-Saloon League, or have read aloud to you the last number of the *Congressional Record*.

On the other hand, you will undoubtedly have the opportunity to go to some of our moving-picture shows, to read our most popular newspapers, and to come into personal contact with our four hundred. Do not, however, we beg, permit this to prejudice you against us. Remember that there are some real people here, although you may not see them. They are too busy just now trying to pay taxes and make both ends meet.

Hastily yours,

LIFE.

What Goeth On at Present

"MORE!"



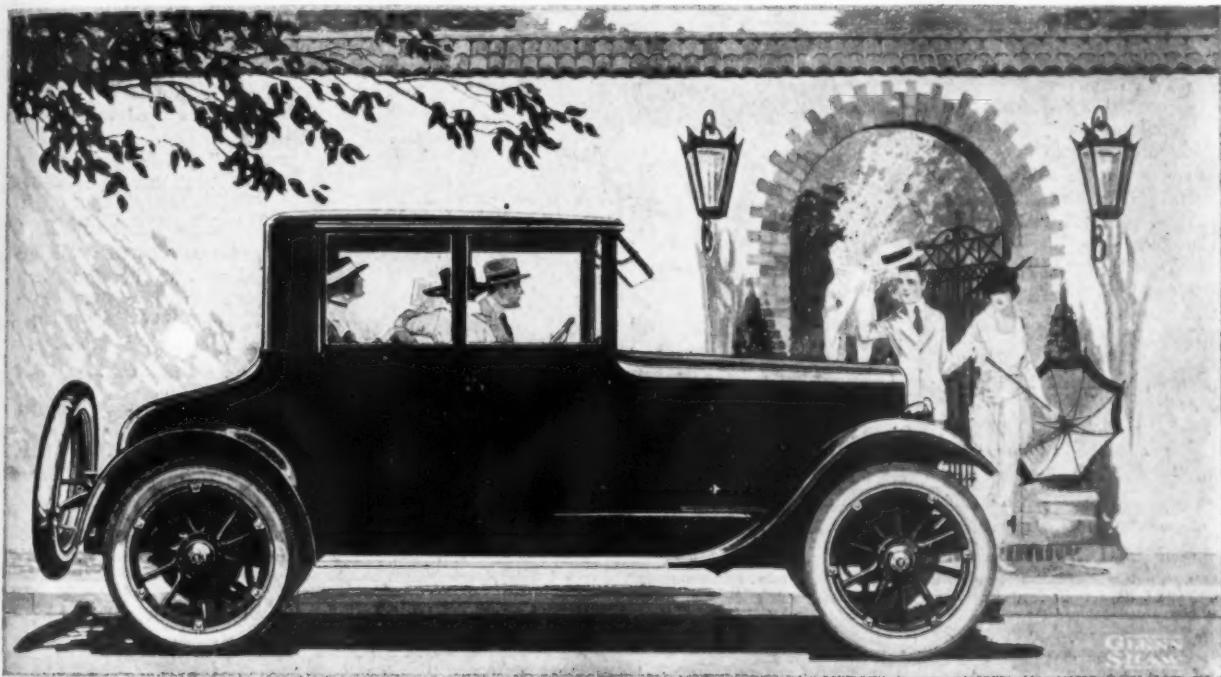
THE THINKER



The Farmer: I SHOULD WORRY

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The Returning Empties

An optimistic Colorado farmer, on seeing some clouds floating by, remarked: "Well, I guess we are going to have some rain."

"Aw!" said his pessimistic neighbor, an ex-railroad man, "those are just empties coming back from Iowa."

—*Boston Transcript.*

General Housework

MISTRESS (to cook): Now, Bridget, I'm going to give a birthday party. I sincerely hope you will make yourself generally useful.

BRIDGET (much flattered): Shure, mum, Oi'll do my best; but (confidentially) Oi'm so sorry Oi can't dance, mum.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

"I SUPPOSE you think I have a great many kicks?"

"Not at all," said the hotel clerk. "I know of plenty of kicks you've never thought of."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



"I'D LIKE TO GET HOLD OF THE FELLER THAT THREW A BANANA PEEL UNDER ME!"

Questions Asked

A small boy of the Jewish persuasion who was playing at the end of the pier, fell into the sea, and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a rowboat.

Half an hour afterwards, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man who saved my son Ike's life?" he said.

"Yes," answered the much-exhausted hero.

"Then," said the Hebrew in indignant tones, "v'e're's his cap?"—*Tit-Bits.*

The Point of View

UNMUSICAL FATHER: No, we haven't decided on a teacher for him yet. You see, his mother wants him to be trained to sing, and I should like him to be trained not to sing.—*Windsor.*

"MISERY loves company, you know."

"Yes, but right now I'm not very miserable, although I am very busy."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

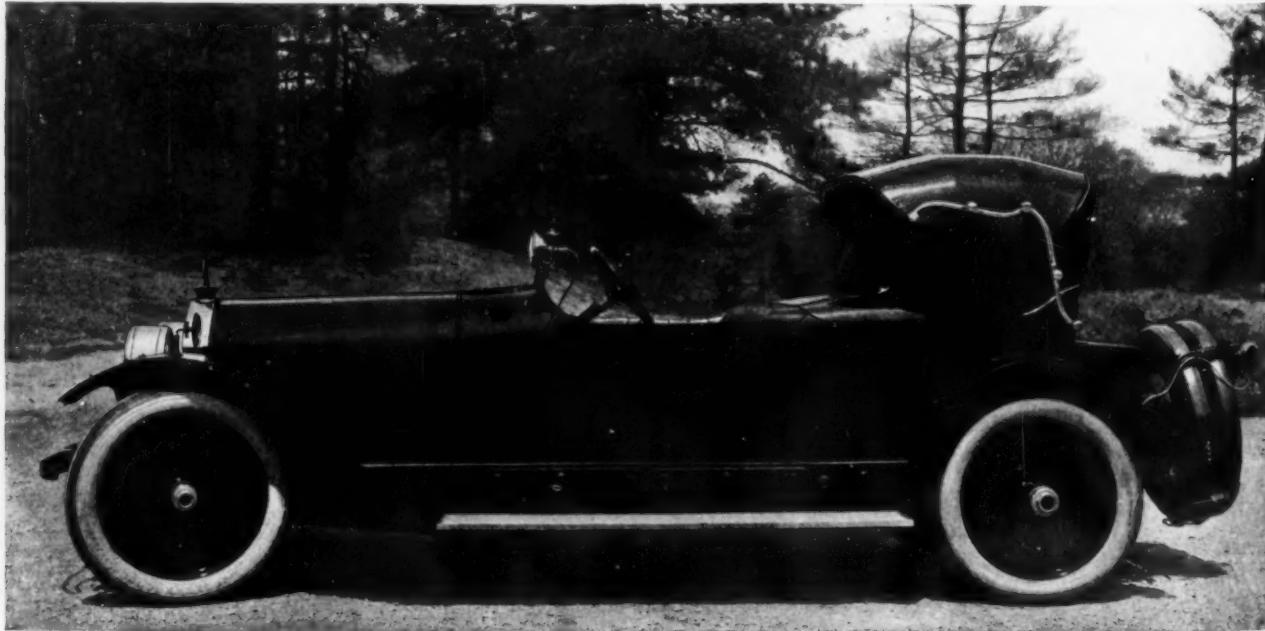
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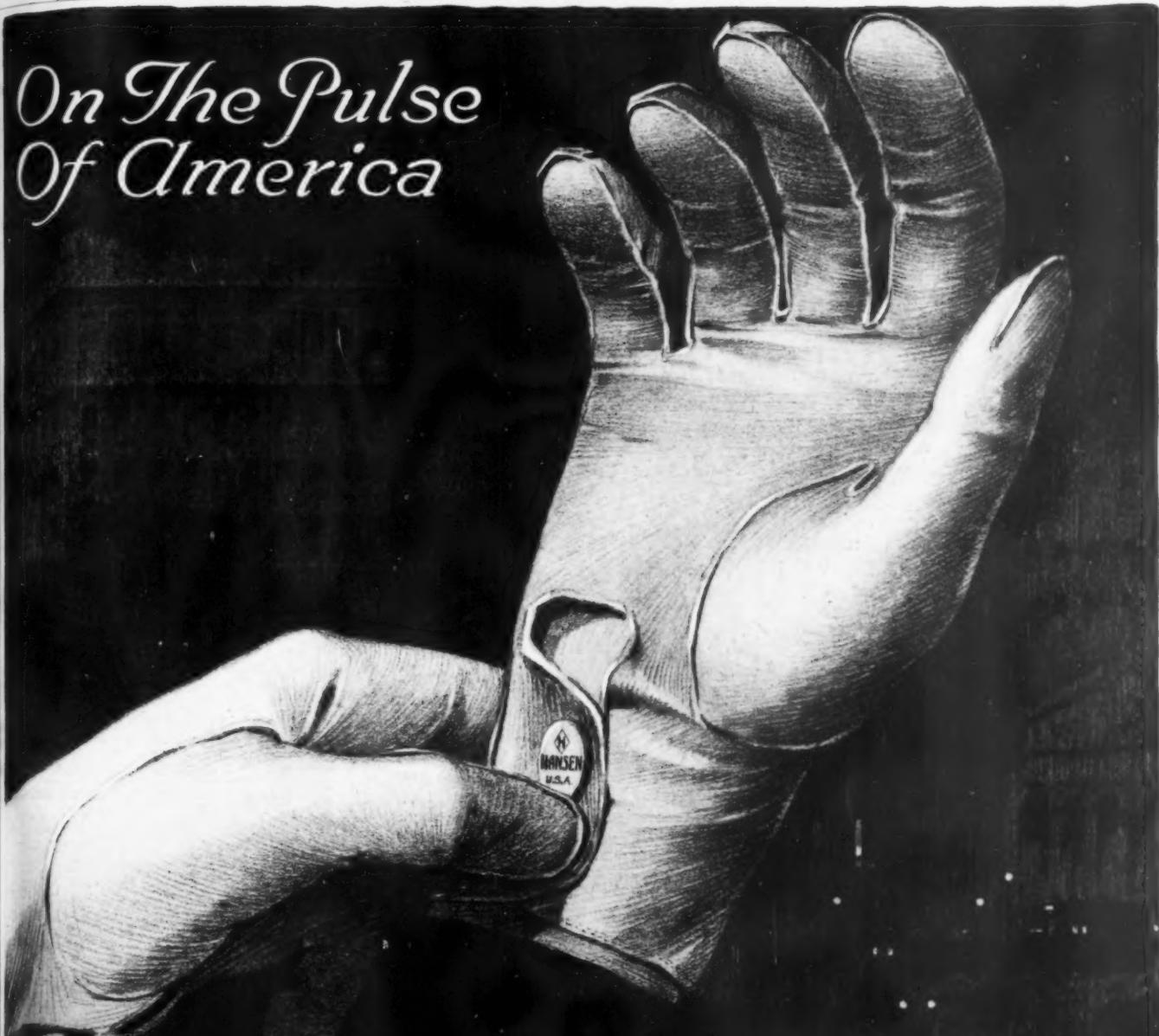


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LIFE

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General
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As Well

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Oh, lucky it is the world ne'er knows
The silent but awful remark
That over the deaf-mute's fingers flows
When he steps on a tack in the dark.

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Use Major's Cement
Rubber and leather. All three kinds, 15c per
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Dealers: Please send for special offer! Est. 1876

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



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A Scottish emigrant on his arrival at Montreal, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store, when the proprietor asked him if he would not try on a coat.

"I dinna ken but I wad," responded the emigrant, consulting his watch; and he went in and set to work. No matter how often he found a fit, he tried on another and another till he tried on about thirty. Then, again looking at his watch, he resumed his own garment and walked off saying:

"Weel, I've lost time, nae doot, but hang the fellow that'll no' oblige another when he can!"

—Scottish American.

One Is Enough

An evening newspaper suggests a new Cabinet officer, a Secretary of English. But why expect more than one personage in an administration to have the gift of perfect expression?—N. Y. Herald.

It's unfortunate that a blockade can't be lifted without lifting prices along with it.—Joplin (Mo.) News-Herald.

The Little Moment of Happiness

By Clarence Budington Kelland

The biggest problem, the most poignant situation that any American novelist has recently tackled is found in this new book.

Thousands of letters to Mr. Kelland from men who have been stationed overseas testify to the truth of the book and the deep impression it made during its serialization in *The Red Book*.

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"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

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"You want to manage the business?" asked the employer.

"I do," answered the employee.

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It's Good—and Makes Good

A clear, Fal. day for country driving. A Columbia Six. There's a combination that is *good clear through*.

Just a touch of exhilaration in the air, a touch of action—and lots of action in the car—elastic, responsive, enduring.

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At times when negotiating some bumpy road without discomfort; a slant or straight-up climb, the Columbia owner wonders how it is that *one* car can be built to give such undiluted pleasure—how it can be ALL good.

Technical reasons there must be. And so there are.

But for the average driver, though he knows that the Columbia Six is built only of the best parts manufactured—for him, well—it's the untiring, easy riding; the beauty; the positive joy of driving—it is goodness *making good*—that pleases.

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Elegance in Style

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Note: The Trade Mark will be found on the End of the Bolt



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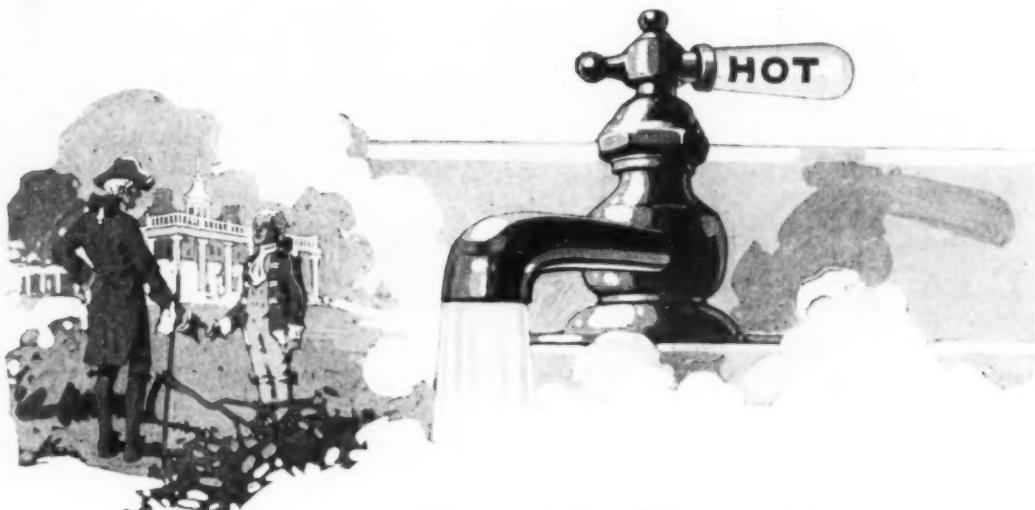


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Once you connect your gas and water pipes with a Ruud, hot-water faucets are compelled to deliver hot water whenever you turn on a hot-water faucet. There is no way out — turning on the faucet turns on the gas in the Ruud Heater. The result is unlimited hot water — instantly.



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Aladdin's lamp—a postage stamp
That speeds its way on wings, elate;
A wondrous thing—it back may bring
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O mystic wight of tense delight,
A charm no sorceress can brew
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The only thing that's cheap, 'tis true—
Aladdin's lamp for pennies two!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

King Harold Defends His Laurels

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT has published a new novel and neglected to entitle it "Mush Ado About Nothing." Harold has held the best-seller supremacy so long, however, that a number of publishers are grooming their favorite bunkpushers for a last long battle to elbow Harold away from the public bosom. One of these aspirants is James Oliver Curwood, the author of a number of books, bound very estimably in cloth, with quite nicely printed pages and neatly illustrated. Mr. Hearst has re-entered the book-publishing business in the hope of getting James over as Harold's matador. Let them grind each other's

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faces in the sand of the arena. Neither of them will get near enough to the well of the Muses to muddy the water.

ROBIN HOOD and his Merry Men had an unwritten law never to rob a man who was a sufficiently good fellow to be a regular, annual subscriber to LIFE.

THE trouble with the truth about Russia is that it seems to be all about Russia without getting very far inside.
—New York Evening Post.

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Books Received

French Ways and Their Meaning, by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co.)

Short Stories of the New America, by Mary A. Lasalle. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Humpty-Dumpty William & Co., by George Magruder Battey, Jr. (The Devin-Adair Company.)

Seventy Thousand Miles on a Submarine Destroyer, by George M. Battey. (The Webb & Vary Company.)

From French "Mascots" to Their American "Godfathers." (Published by the American Red Cross in France.)

How Animals Talk, by William J. Long. (Harper & Brothers.)

Mirabelle of Pampeluna, by Colette Yver. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

A History of the Three Hundred and Fifth Infantry, by Frank B. Tiebout. (The Three Hundred and Fifth Infantry Auxiliary.)

The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow, by Martin J. Hogan. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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Hot water
Sure Relief**

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FOR INDIGESTION

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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-MADE AT KEY WEST-

Percolator Papers, by Ellwood Hendrick. (Harper & Brothers.)

Tales of Fishes, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers.)

Rainbow Valley, by L. M. Montgomery. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The Chinese Puzzle, by Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Prisoners of the Great War, by Carl P. Dennett. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Partners of the Out-Trail, by Harold

Bindloss. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The League of Nations, by Stephen Pierce Duggan. (The Atlantic Monthly Press.)

Old-Fashioned Verses, by William T. Hornaday. (Clark & Fritts.)

A London Lot, by A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane Company.)

Bolshevism and the United States, by Chas. Edward Russell. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Last Chance to Get VOGUE at \$5

Beginning with the September 1st issue, Vogue's yearly subscription price has been raised from \$5 a year to \$6.

For a limited time only, however, you may have a year of Vogue—24 issues—at the old \$5 price.

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The skirt has quite forgotten to be long and narrow. And the sleeves are the newest kimono cut, with turned back cuffs. Black gabardine embroidered in black silk with touches of dull blue and green is the material used. Vogue shows many other models just as revolutionary in the October 1st Number.



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